



A PUBLIC DANGER.

Jack. "SEE THAT CHAP, MOTHER! HE'S THE ONLY PRO-BOER IN OUR SCHOOL!"

A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

["Owing to the evictions which have been taking place in Southwark, we are confronted with the problem of numerous houseless families. The tenants of the dwellings, which were in an unsanitary condition, were given notice to quit that the premises might be done up."—*Daily Paper*.]

WHAT is this weeping of women and wailing?

What is this cry of the children I hear?

What is this moan of the sick and the ailing,

That shiver and cough as the night draweth near?

Why are these houseless ones huddled together,

Their outraged Penates flung down in heap,

With never a roof betwixt them and the weather,

And never a hole where the weary can sleep?

Nay, hush, O ye women, your impotent crying!

Ye terrified children, be comforted too!

And cease from your moaning, ye sick and ye dying!

'Tis only your good that the Law has in view.

Her motherly heart, with solicitude swelling,

Is shocked at your dens with disease over-run;

And rather than see you in such a poor dwelling,

She saith in her wisdom, "Lo, ye shall have none."

Oh, tender devotion! Oh, love unrestricted!

Ineffable kindness! Down, down on your knees,

And pour out your gratitude, O ye evicted!

What! Have ye no thanks for such blessings as these?

Still tears, bitter tears, and black grief and repining?

And wrath in your hearts, and indignant despair?

What though ye be cold and your little ones whining?

The Law in her mercy has given you air.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

To the *Healing of the Sea* (SMITH ELDER) contains vivid descriptions of the New York Stock Exchange in moments of frenzied excitement. Mr. FRANCIS HARDY has evidently studied the subject on the spot, and is most successful in reproducing it for the edification of milder-mannered citizens. All the chapters relating to Stock Exchange transactions are written with a master hand. When Mr. HARDY takes some of his characters to the healing of the sea, provided by a passage to Southampton in an ocean liner, he becomes conventional. My Baronite recognises in him a man of dauntless courage. He boldly tells, and spoils in the telling, the story about the Red Indian, who, seated for the first time in his life at a civilized dinner table, ate the contents of the mustard-pot. When, presently, tears of agony rolled down his untwitching face, and his host asked him what was the matter, he made answer he was thinking of his late grandmother. It is a little startling to have this ancient story resuscitated in the conversation glittering through one of the latest of the six-shilling novels.

In *Fate the Fiddler* (CONSTABLE) Mr. H. C. MACILWAINE realises most admirably the experience of two English squatters in the comparatively early days of Australian development, before the discovery of gold. If the author's processes are somewhat leisurely, he justifies himself, according to my Nautical Retainer, by effects which could not otherwise have been obtained. We are left with a firm impression of the unconscious modifications of character which are the inevitable result of a life removed from all conventions; its tendency, in particular, to accentuate original differences in natures thrown upon their own resources.

The book is less a novel, in the accepted sense, than a study of the influence, physical, moral and social, of circumstance and locality. His Australian types—the squatter, active or retired, the bushman, the money-lending capitalist—he represents with the authority of intimate knowledge; and to this he brings the added charm of a finely artistic sense of colour, a loving appreciation of detail, a studied reserve of literary strength. In his sketches of types whose features are less exotic he perhaps exposes his limitations; certainly the character of the English BARBARA, whose action so largely determines the course of his hero's destiny, is very inadequately defined. On the other hand, when he portrays that delightful colonial, Mrs. FENTON, his heart is obviously in his work.

B. DE B.-W.

ENGLISH HISTORY FOR FRENCH SCHOOLS.

EDITED BY HENRI TROFORT.

WHAT happened after the death of the last French King?

Under the descendants of the Belgian, JEAN de Gand, the English were fighting always against the French. HENRY V. gained a temporary advantage by a treacherous attack by night on the French, at Azincourt, and actually conquered a part of France. The English call him a hero; it is evident that he was but a brigand.

Could HENRY VI. retain the French provinces seized by his father?

No. The English were soon driven from France, and retained only Calais. The name of this town was mysteriously tattooed on the left side of each sovereign, over the heart, until the reign of Mary I., who revealed the secret before her death. The tattooing was then discontinued. During the reign of Henry VI., London was taken by JOHN CAD. Even at present the name "Cad" enrages a Londonian. After the struggle between the two towns of York and Lancaster, now extremely peaceable, we come to the reign of EDWARD IV., in fine, an English King, although after-grandson of EDOUARD III. H. D. B.

THE Daily News informs us that Mr. JOHN TWEED has just completed his colossal statue of Mr. CECIL RHODES. Appropriate, "The Colossus of Rhodes."



A PAINTFUL JOKE.

She. "WHAT AN AGONISED LOOK SOME ARTISTS SEEM TO GIVE THEIR PORTRAITS."
He. "HEM!—ER—YES. SORT OF DRAWN EXPRESSION!"

ALMS A LA MODE.

SCENE—A Ladies' Club. *Philanthropists* discovered in conversation.

First Philanthropist. It should be the biggest thing of the season. We can have *tableaux vivants*.

Second Phil. Yes, I have kept my dress that I wore in Godiva's ride. And then *Tom* is capital with a banjo song.

Third Phil. And I can do some skirt dancing.

Fourth Phil. My *métier* is to sit as a milkmaid selling butter.

Fifth Phil. I know, dear; but you never attend to business when the *Brigade* turn up.

Fourth Phil. No chance of that, darling; they are all at the front.

Sixth Phil. Of course we will have any number of stalls. And the saleswomen must appear in national costumes like *Earl's Court*, or more so.

Seventh Phil. First rate. We can get the goods if we advertise the firms on a souvenir.

Fourth Phil. Which we can get written and illustrated for nothing. *BLANCHE* knows a number of "interesting people."

Third Phil. Is there anything else to be remembered?

First Phil. Well, of course, we should get a good list of smart people—duchesses for choice.

Fifth Phil. I knew we had forgotten something? Here you are, arranging all sorts of diversions, and yet you have overlooked the *raison d'être* of the festival.

First Phil. Have we? As how?

Fifth Phil. Well, of course, you will do it for a charity—which one?

First Phil. The charities are far too prosperous!

Fifth Phil. May be so, but what's to be our particular charity?

First Phil. Oh, don't bother about that. The charity is quite a detail.

(Curtain.)

THE PRESIDENTS' DUET.

(After "The Burghers' Battle.")

Steyn.

THICK rise the rooineks o'er the land
 That erst the burgher bore;
 Lord ROBERTS smites with heavy hand,
 And we return no more.

Krüger.

From Rand and reef more strong will flow
 The stream of ruddy ore,
 But Uitlanders the swag will stow,
 And we return no more.

Steyn.

What peace or joy will bless their gates?
 What wise man bring them lore?
 What Wessels sail for distant states,
 Now we return no more?

Krüger.

What President the Raad will lead
 Which I have ruled of yore?
 What pots de vin shall be his need,
 Now we return no more?

Steyn.

The Briton will not beat or kill
 (Unlike his brother Boer)
 The Kaffirs at his own sweet will,
 When we return no more.

Krüger.

The wicked flourish for a day—
 So take we, grieving sore,
 Two singles, Delagoa Bay,
 Since we return no more.

Steyn.

Remember how, all rash and vain,
 You spoke the word of war,
 And sowed this harvest of the plain—
 That we return no more.

Krüger.

Ja, Ja! So, Providence knows best.
 True, the old days are o'er—
 Yet have we feathered each his nest,
 Though we return no more!

[Exeunt—viâ Delagoa Bay.]

"Up goes the price of 'Gas'!" or it might be stated as more nearly approaching the exact quotation, "Up goes the price of met-er!" Sixpence extra a thousand! We burn with just indignation.

THE NEXT BENEFIT.

(Preliminary Prospectus.)

IN aid of the Fund for the Distribution of Money amongst the Undeserving Rich, a performance will be given at the Theatre Royal Advertisers, of which the following will be the chief items:

Twenty-two tragedians will recite.
Twenty-four comedians will tell stories.
Twenty-six ladies will dance.
Twenty-eight ladies will sing.
Thirty music-hall artistes will entertain.
Scenes from a dozen metropolitan successes will be given.

The whole will conclude with SHERIDAN's masterpieces, GOLDSMITH's comedies, and the entire series of SHAKSPEARE's works.

Commence at 7 A.M. Terminate when it's over.

A BUNTING SONG.

(By A. A. S.)

[During the recent rejoicings, a vast number of Union Jacks have been flown that were made in Germany, and incorrectly designed, or else hung the wrong way up. Many, also, of the cheaper Royal Standards exhibit the Harp in the second or upper outside quarter instead of in the third or lower quarter next the mast. It is noticeable, too, that the Tricolour has been very largely adopted, in spite of the fact that, vertically, this is the French flag, and horizontally the Dutch, while by another arrangement (white uppermost, blue and red) we have the Russian flag. And as a further compliment to our friends the enemy, we displayed the Transvaal "four-colours," when wearing the green with the Union Jack on March 17.]

I.

"THREE cheers for the Red, White and Blue!"

Sing Britshers loyal and true;
We hoist it in glory,

And roar, Whig and Tory,

Hooray

For French and for Kimberley Day!

(But if closely you view,

The Flag's upside down or askew!)

II.

"Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!"

Pro-Boers are futile and few—

We run up the bunting,

All traitors confronting,

Hooray

For Cronje and Paardeberg Day!

(But the flag that you view

Is oft a French tricolor new!)

III.

"Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!"

And the flag that on Patrick's day flew!

When the "green" we were flaunting,

Of WHITE we were vaunting—

Hooray

For Buller and Ladysmith Day!

(But our vierkleur in view

Seemed to flatter OOM PAUL and his crew.)



RAVEN-HILL
Policeman. "ERE, CLEAR THIS OUT OF THE WAY."
Little Girl. "GARN WITH YER! YOU WAS IN ONE O' THEM YERSELF ONCE!"

IV.

"Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!"

We mafficked for all that we knew;

Yards of ribbon we sported

And buttons assorted!

Hooray

For B.-P. and for Mafeking Day!

(While the colours you'd view

Were the drie kleur of Hollanders, too!)

V.

"Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!"

Khaki for campaigning will do,

But 'tis too unobtrusive,
For joy that's effusive!

Hooray

For Bobs and Pretoria Day!

(But 'tis odd that we view

In London each Muscovite hue!)

VI.

"Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!"

One more when the Peace is put through!

In our German-made Standard

The Harp has meandered—

Hooray,

When it comes, for Victoria Day!

(Let us carefully view,

And the wrongly-set Ensign taboo!)



NOW, IN JUNE, AN OLD MAN'S FANCY
LIGHTLY TURNS TO THOUGHTS OF—ER—THE MAY-FLY.
(Home-made too.)

OPERATIC NOTES.

Saturday, June 16.—A grand performance of *Tannhäuser*! Personally conducted by Herr MOTTL. Venus, the Strong woman, —Süss an' STRONG—wrestled gloriously with the wayward *Tannhäuser*, putting forth all her strength and sweetness, but with so shifty a character as the hero the art of a Sandow would have been unavailing, and he escaped. The opera here ran into a tunnel, and on emerging after the manner of the Biograph at the Palace Theatre, *Tannhäuser* found himself in a charming German landscape, whence all but he had apparently fled. On an inaccessible kopje to the left, however, and quite out of sight of one side of the audience, Fräulein OLITZKA was present in strength, and disguised as a youthful shepherd she fascinated a delighted house with the exquisite legend of Holda. The second act introduced us to Mdlle. TERNINA as *Elizabeth*, and a very delightful acquaintance she proved to be, singing superbly throughout. Comic relief was plentiful when the aristocracy and gentry of the neighbourhood arrived for the local Eisteddfod. One little military gentleman, who brought his daughters, could hardly be induced to leave the "presence"; he was plainly entranced with M. PLANCON's costume, which rather suggested Nebuchadnezzar. *Wolfram* (M. VAN ROOY) opened the competition with a song quite perfectly rendered, and we mentally awarded him the bardic gold medal, or its equivalent in leeks, but the proceedings being hopelessly broken up soon after by the rowdy behaviour of *Tannhäuser*, the distribution of prizes had not yet been reached when we left the building at 11.45. M. PLANCON sang gloriously all through, and his German was flawless.

Mem. at the end of evening.—What exquisite music can be produced by casually patting a harp on the strings with the open hand every few minutes or so—when the idea occurs to

you. The odd thing is that it goes on just the same, whether you remember to do so or not! Enables you to devote all your attention to your singing!

Monday, June 18.—*Les Huguenots*, EDOUARD DE RESZE came out strong as *Piff-Paff Marcel*, the sturdy old *Hug-me-not* soldier, while SALEZA, as *Raoul de Nangis*, his master, was simply triumphant. PLANCON good as *St. Bris*. LUCILLE HILL, better at finish than starting, came up to time and tune in the great duett with *Saleza-Raoul*, which went magnificently, as did he "with leaps and bounds" out of the window to join in the scrimmage below. *Marguerite de Valois* found a more than satisfactory representative in Mlle. MIRANDA, who in her great song won her laurel crown. Delightful part this! Only to appear in one act, just at the best part of the evening, sing one brilliant cadenza and then—exit, having charmed everybody and pleased yourself! Miss EDYTH WALKER [*'Tis a pretty way of spelling Edith this—yet wherefore the "y"?*] Also, could not WALKER have been freshened up as *"WARKUR"?* But this is asking too much.] acted as well as she sang, doing both to the heartily expressed satisfaction of a crowded house. Altogether a good performance, notable for SALEZA's *Raoul*, which is a record. Then Mlles. BAUERMEISTER and MCCULLOCH (as it is no longer exclusively the Royal Italian Opera, we get sweet singers of all nationalities) there could not be two more superior Maids of Honour. They were evidently "to the 'manner' born." Honours easy to them. We are now half-way through a season, that so far seems to have been an exceptionally good one.

Wednesday, June 20.—*Don Giovanni* in Italian. Crowded house to welcome MOZART's masterpiece. "Alliteration's artful aid," accurate on this occasion. Signor SCOTTI not the ideal Don, about as good as anyone can be in that rôle. M. EDOUARD DE RESZE capital as *Leporello*—in good voice and, as always, in "great" form. M. GILIBERT loutishly comic as *Mazetto*. *Il Commendatore* represented by M. JOURNET with distinction. As the statue he looks in excellent health—quite a colour. Miss SUSAN STRONG powerful as *Donna Anna*, and Miss MARGUERITE MACINTYRE doing her best with poor *Elvira*. *Zerlina* bright and coquettish, thanks to Mlle. SCHEFF. Everyone pleased to once again meet the familiar melodies. WAGNER out of it to-night. As there's a Week o' WAGNER, will there ever be a Month of MOZART?

THE INSPECTOR'S LAMENT.

[*"The lower babies' mental arithmetic leaves much to be desired."*—*School Inspector's report, quoted by Sir John Gorst.*]

WHAT will become of England if things go on this way? There's hundreds of poor infants learning nothing day by day. They fairly set my hair on end with every kind of blunder. Ah me! the hopeless ignorance of babes of three and under!

A problem in arithmetic of quite a simple kind
Seems past the comprehension of the shallow infant mind;
They fail to grasp—for want, I fear, of proper education—
The obvious first principles of ratiocination.

Of science or of history they hardly know a word;
Of Latin, Greek, or Sanskrit some have never even heard;
And when a searching question I occasionally try,
Instead of smartly answering, the lower babies cry.

How long am I to plough the sands? How long am I, I ask,
To be a School Inspector and to ply this weary task?
Until the matter's mended, I again can only say,
What will become of England if things go on this way?

LORD MORRIS, having power to add to his number, has taken the title of Lord KILLANIN. He is now "Lord MORRIS AND KILLANIN," i.e. an excellent Hibernian example of Sheridan's "Two single gentlemen rolled into one."



THE PUZZLED KANGAROO.

"WELL, I SUPPOSE IT'S WHAT I WANTED; BUT I'M HANGED IF I KNOW WHAT I'VE GOT!"



He "I LOVE YOU WITH ALL MY HEART, WITH ALL MY MIND, MY EVERY THOUGHT, MY ——"
She (interrupting). "YES, I KNOW. BUT ALL THAT MEANS SO LITTLE!"

"ARS EST 'MONSTRARE' ARTEM."

No doubt of it. The art of Arts is to display works of art to the very best advantage. To do this "well and truly," as the Masons have it, needs a veritable Master of Arts, or several Masters of Arts. Translate *Ars est celare artem* properly, and it means "It is genuine artfulness to hide away your treasures." Undoubtedly, this collection at Hertford House, shows what art they had who arranged the present and permanent exhibition. These Masters are to be congratulated.

What a sight! What a show! What a splendid collection of snuff-boxes, brie-k-brac, ivories, miniatures, porcelain and faience, illuminations, china, bronzes, jewelled ornaments, armour and arms, oil paintings and water-colours by all sorts of masters, great and small, bequeathed to the nation by Lady WALLACE, and here permanently housed. Why, as the poet sings,

"Stayed you here throughout a month,
From the very first to the thirty-oneth,
Never by any chance going away,
Up all night and about all day,
Could you master a twentieth part
Of this collection of rarest Art?"

And the answer is emphatically, "No, you couldn't; not even were you personally conducted by clever Claude Phillips, the Curator, who could tell you all about everything." Yet, though the house as now arranged makes an admirable museum, and is to all intents and purposes in a fairly central situation, the lover of art, who is the visitor here to-day, cannot but feel a bias towards the proposition of Sir EDWARD POYNTER, P.R.A. (who remained in the respectable minority of one, on certain

points, as against the other seven members of the Committee—"seven more obstinate men I never saw," as the jurymen declared who held out for "not guilty" against the other eleven), which was, that "great advantage would result from the Wallace collection being installed in a new building, to be constructed in the vicinity of the National Gallery." Everybody in town and country knows where the National Gallery is, but we should say that the majority (including Provincials of course) have yet to learn the locality of Hertford House.

"Arford 'Ouse?" repeated our hansom cabman, quite an average specimen of his "rank." "Where's that, sir?"

"Arford 'Ouse?" inquired another equally sharp hansom driver. "Let's see—ain't that where Sir WILLUM WALES were?"

The substitution of "WILLIAM" for "RICHARD" showed historical knowledge, recalling "Scots wha hae" and so forth. These are facts. But no doubt the locality will soon be discovered, as has, I am informed on good authority, been the case with the Tate Gallery, which is out of touch with most omnibuses and with Metropolitan and District Stations; likewise it has no pier for steamers. It possesses, however, a cab-stand limited.

To do more than chronicle the opening of the Wallace Collection to the public is here impossible. In another visit, and another after that, we may hope to give to town and country some idea of what there is to be seen in this unique collection. Everyone to his taste, and assuredly everyone will be individually gratified. For ourselves, give us a few gems by VAN DER HELST, some VAN O斯塔德, a couple of CUYPS, and as many as you like by ROMNEY, ROBERTS, COROT, and marvellous MEISSONIER; a nice pick from Flanders; just something to go off with from Spain and Italy, and have a van at the door appropriately ready to cart away the Dutchmen to our private residence, and we'll never trouble Hertford House, nor any gallery again, that is when Detectives are on duty. But till then Hertford House will be on our visiting list, whenever in town, for some time to come. We forgot Gainsborough; so, while the cart is at the door, just put in No. 42, Portrait of Mrs. ROBINSON, and Sir JOSHUA'S No. 35, and pack 'em off to

OUR OWN COLLECTOR.

Wednesday last was the Press day. Guardians and police on the alert: very curious as to what impressions the Press-men might carry away with them. Never saw a place so guarded and so police'd! Friday a High-and-mighty day. Mr. Punch and other distinguished visitors had the honour of meeting their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of WALES, being thereto specially invited by the Earl of ROSEBERRY, Sir JOHN MURRAY-SCOTT, and Mr. ALFRED DE ROTHSCHILD, representing the trustees of the Nation's Treasure, who, by choosing Hertford House have, undoubtedly, secured certain "immediate advantages" for the grateful public. Mr. Punch, on behalf of the Nation, tenders the trustees his heartiest thanks.

SUGGESTED RULES FOR THE G. P. O.

1. LETTERS intended for the Provinces must be posted half an hour before they are written.
2. There will be no "too late" stamp for letters that are intended to go by a delivery that does not arrive.
3. Papers, if posted in the London office, will not be despatched by the Provincial office until notice has been given to the parties interested.
4. In order to secure the convenience of the permanent officials, letters will be ignored unless they contain stamps to the amount required by the regulations not yet formulated.
5. In case of complaint the public will have the option of writing to St. Martin's-le-Grand or Mount Pleasant, and upon the non-receipt of a reply from one of these offices are requested to write to the other, and in the event of obtaining no satisfactory explanation to begin again.



SUNDAY AT THE ZOO.

Mr. Murphy. "EXCUSE ME, SORR; BUT CAN YE DIRECT ME TO THE GOIN' OUT INTRANCE?"

MISSING THE 18TH.

THE Veteran passed through Trafalgar Square and found the remains of wreaths and flowers. Some one had not forgotten the date of Gordon Day, and there were traces of decorations near the column. Even CHARLES THE FIRST had been treated with tenderness, and the pedestal of his statue covered with flowers. Go where he would, the veteran had the same experience. By this time he had returned to Hyde Park Corner.

" My statue as it has ever been! No wreaths, no flags, and yet this is the 18th of June!"

"Waterloo Day," cried the street urchin.

"We don't want flags to remember that battle, Sir."

" ARE YOU ANSWERED NOW?" asks SHYLOCK; and so also demand the clever correspondents who have guessed the riddle in the last number. Why, certainly; if it isn't "Mandrake," what can it be?

KUMATI POORT.

[Written in intelligent anticipation of events.]

Air—"Excelsior!"

FAR off the cannon faintly popped
As in a railway-station stopped
A special train (propelled by stoom)
Which bore a party labelled "Oom,
Kumati Poort."

His hat was high; his brow (beneath)
Carried it bravely like a wreath:
"Ticket!" the Station-master cried;
He simply answered "Right inside!
Kumati Poort!"

He saw, as in a doubtful dream,
His Dutchman getting up her steam;
He saw her lights across the bay
Which he was making for, via
Kumati Poort.

"Try not the track," the porter said;
"They're blowing up the line ahead!"
The Chieftain answered "Shut the door!"
And inly murmured, as before,
"Kumati Poort!"

"Stay!" cried the burghers, "stay, O
stay!
Don't take the Capital away!"
"Fight on, my braves, fight on!" said he;
"And note my next address will be
Kumati Poort."

"Beware the dynamiter's bomb!
Beware the perilous pom-pom!"
That was the porter's last goodbye,
Which drew the following reply:
"Kumati Poort."

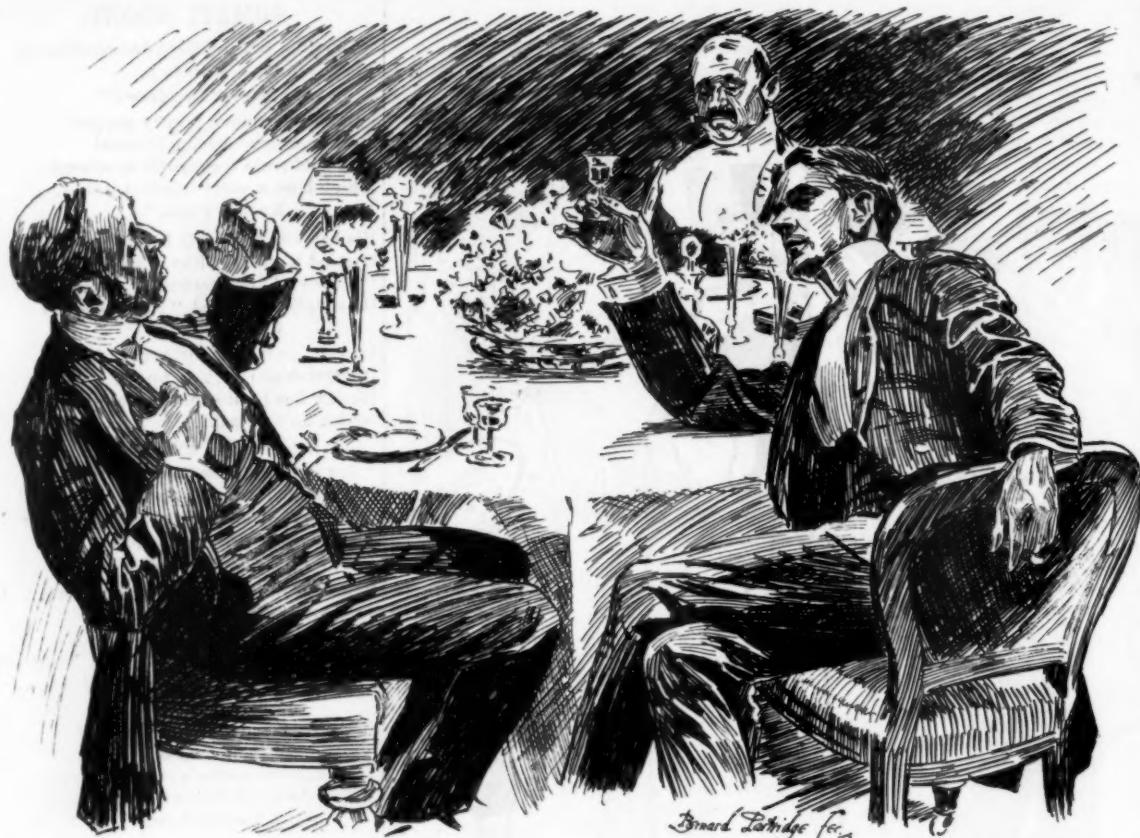
* * * * *
A horrid crash—a sudden leap
From ambush on his beauty sleep:
And somewhere down a rude abyss
A solemn voice that asked "Is this
Kumati Poort?"

There at the bottom, safe and sound,
The aged Capital was found,
Still grasping, underneath the van,
A bullion-box whose legend ran:
"Kumati Poort."

Alone he lay without a sigh,
Until his headpiece caught his eye;
Then said, "I loved that ruined hat!
And now I'll never wear it at
Kumati Poort."

O. S.

GRÂCE AUX MESSIEURS A.—Messrs. AGNEW & SONS are now exhibiting "Les Fragonards," i.e. the decorative canvases by Fragonard, formerly at the Maison Malvilain (what a terrible name!) at Grasse. No wonder that this artistic firm in Bond Street, who know so well—none better—how "to make hay when the sun shines," should have got in these treasures of Grasse. "L'Amant Couronné," "La Poursuite," "L'Escalade ou le Rendez-vous," all charming, and thanks to the generosity of the exhibitors the visitor will take away "les souvenirs" with him.



Guest. "THIS IS A CAPITAL GLASS OF PORT!" *Host.* "AH, MY BOY, IT'S NOT A PATCH ON SOME THAT I'VE GOT IN MY CELLAR!"

THE SONG OF THE SUNSHADE.

[*"The Adjutant-General is at work on a sunshade."*—*Mr. Wyndham.*]

FOR many, many years,
'Mid a thousand hopes and fears
I've toiled by day and night
To design a sunshade neat,
Yet effective and complete,
But I've never, never got it right.

I thought, when I began,
'Twas an easy thing to plan,
And dreaming that the task was brief,
I selected as my model
For protecting Tommy's noddle
The simple cabbage leaf.

It had points, beyond a doubt,
But, of course, Pall Mall cried out
In horror at my homely art:
"Such a shade may save the men
From a blazing sun, but then,
Of course, we must have something smart."

So I started on new lines,
And I made some fresh designs
For busbies, helmets, forage-caps and such;
But none of them were right,
For some were far too light,
Some shaded you too little, some too much.

I have not succeeded yet,
For the question is beset
With obstacles by no means small;
And I'm very much afraid
That this elegant sunshade
Will be never, never made at all.

EX CATHAY-DRA.

WE charitably assume that our correspondent in China (? Fleet Street) has suddenly become, like the June air, "balmy," but we append his note, for what it is worth:—

Han-Well, Friday, Moonlight.

THE Imperial pints—troops, I mean—have now openly joined the Boxers, and the Boxers mean "going for the gloves." The foreign Admirals said to the Chinese Forts, "We will Taku," and they did. General LI-ING-TUNG has been degraded for allowing his troops to be defeated, but later in the same day was promoted for having induced them to fight at all. This evening he was again degraded, but as, at the same time, he received a message conferring on him the Order of the Poached Egg and Peacock's Feather he hardly knows what he is, or

who he was, and is now seated in the Yamen, wearing straws in his hair and softly crooning "E dunno where 'e are" in the Chinese tongue.

I am now about to join him.

MORE ANON-SENSE.

A RONDEAU OF THE INEVITABLE.

NEIGHBOUR JONES, for years a score
Daily we each other bore
At the street in Camberwell,

Where at number two you dwell,
(I reside at number four).

When I joined the rifle corps,
I confess to feeling sore
That you volunteered as well,
Neighbour JONES.

Yet I felt it even more
That, when by the sad sea shore,
Life's dull tedium to dispel,
I sought out this distant cell
Here I find you, still next door,
Neighbour JONES!

Not an advertisement.—Who's to rule South Africa after the War? "MILNER'S safe."



A LEGACY OF DISCORD.

CHINAMAN. "YOU ALLEE CHOP-CHOP ME NOW, BUT WELLY SOON FORRIN DEVIL CHOP-CHOP FORRIN DEVIL!"

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ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.
EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 18.—“Parliamentary life, dear TOBY,” PRINCE ARTHUR sighed in my sympathetic ear, “would be endurable only for the Question hour. Putting questions to a Minister is the cheapest form of advertisement open to borough or county member, and he avails himself of it accordingly.”

PRINCE ARTHUR’s emotion stirred just now by PICKERSGILL. P., with his provoking air of sleek gentility, wanted to know whether it is intended to accelerate registration of Parliamentary Voters, so that, in the event of Dissolution in late autumn, the General Election may be taken on new register. Hard to say whether PRINCE ARTHUR were more surprised or puzzled. Dissolution! Late Autumn! General Election! He stared across House at PICKERSGILL, marvelling whether too lavish use of hair-oil on Sundays had made him mad.

“The Hon. Gentleman,” he said, “apparently has access to information about the Dissolution which is not at my disposal.”

PICKERSGILL not nearly so innocent as he looks. Question craftily drawn with intent to extract information on burning topic of date of Dissolution. PRINCE ARTHUR, perhaps unconsciously following Apostolic example, once declared that upon a particular question he spoke as a child. He often does, as far as innocence of manner goes. But his lapses into childhood have about them something reminiscent of HUCKLEBURY FINN.

DON JOSÉ had his little trouble also at Question time; took it in quite different form. Not seen much of BASHMEAD-ARTLETT since he came back from his most recent travel. Understood to be deeply engaged in business arrangements connected with latest concession obtained from Queen of SWAZILAND. Forget whether it is to light the royal palace by electricity, to carry an overhead railway through the capital, or to introduce system of modern sewerage. BASHMEAD’S large sympathies with monarchs in difficulties usually takes a practical form.

Had on paper to-night Question suggesting that Colonial Office has failed in its duties with respect to strengthening and relief of British garrison at Kumassi. Having written up accusation on Order Paper, BASHMEAD ran away. Most Ministers would, in such circumstances, have ignored him and his imputations. That not Don JOSÉ’S way. Touch him, however lightly, from safest end of umbrella or other weapon of offence, and out goes his right arm, the assailant finding himself in attitude of temporary repose. Insisted on answering the Question though it was not put; triumphantly vindicated his department.



Father Neptune. “BUST MY BULKHEADS AND SHIVER MY COMPARTMENTS, HAVE I GOT TO LEARN GERMAN AT MY TIME OF LIFE!”

Business done. — Stirring news from China. Genuine surprise of the Forts. “We’ll Tak’u,” they said, dropping into the Scotch vernacular at sight of the cosmopolitan men-of-war at mouth of river. Whereas the combined fleet took them.

Tuesday. — It must be admitted that CHARLES THE TWELFTH of Sweden had rather a cool reception. It was Cap’ en TOMMY BOWLES who introduced him, leading him in and walking him round, riding two bare-backed steeds after the manner of the circus. House in Committee on Army Estimates. Question of remounts for troops in South Africa under discussion. Cap’ en TOMMY, who, ere he went to sea before the mast, served in the horse marines, insisted that Swedish warrior-king’s was the only way. “Had two horses to every trooper,” said the Cap’ en. Consequence was he thought nothing of moving his men ninety miles a day. Till British War Office followed

example of CHARLES THE TWELFTH of Sweden the Empire would have no chance with its enemies at the gate.

Military men, jealous of interference of an old salt in their affairs, pooh-poohed the Cap’ en. JEFFREYS said Colonel of British cavalry regiment would be only too grateful if he were provided with a mount for each of his troopers. One man one vote all very well in its way. What JEFFREYS wanted to see established was the rule of one trooper one horse.

The Cap’ en forlornly leading away CHARLES THE TWELFTH of Sweden and his two chargers, question of forage cap for TOMMY ATKINS turned on. This brought up FERGUSON with delightful stream of personal recollection. Across his mind there flashed, as the MARKISS would say, the vision of a sweet little thing of seventeen, in short skirts, disclosing a peep of white stocking (Sir JAMES was particular about the colour) and shoes tied across a high instep with black ribbon. Looking

back over the old pages of *Punch*, we see her tripping thro' John LEECH's pictures. FERGUSON, who, though he doesn't look it, served in the Grenadier Guards fifty years ago, saw the maiden in the flesh, tripping across St. James's Park.

How she came on the scene this evening in discussion on a vote for £4,680,000 for Army Clothing is a story too involved to trace. Everyone expected austere Chairman of Committees would rule her out of order. Like the rest of us, LOWTHER entranced by the pathos of the incident. In a work-a-day world there was something charming in this spectacle of a veteran, who for more than fifty years has served the State (and himself) in various climes, in divers capacities, babbling with softened tone and dimmed eyes of the short-petticoated nymph of more than yesteryear. *Business done*.—Forty millions voted, and all over by a quarter to nine.

House of Lords, Thursday.—The MARKISS in uncommonly high spirits to-night. Made two speeches, which, if they could only have been heard, would have been delightful. Been furtively studying the oratorical manner of Mr. WEIR; result not quite a success. Member for Ross and Cromarty has a private hydraulic process, whereby he draws his voice up from his boots. Secret his own: effect curiously thrilling. The MARKISS, trying to adopt the system, proves hopeless failure. In case of Mr. WEIR, after preliminary creaking of machinery is hushed, his voice rolls through House with deep hollow sound that makes the flesh creep. The MARKISS confidentially communicates his good things to his own chest, and there they remain locked up. Now and then he lifts his head, opens his mouth, and the hungry audience hears half a sentence, the MARKISS provokingly dropping his head on his chest just when he's coming to the point.

Made two speeches to-night. One understood to be distantly connected with Uganda; the other certainly dealt with monument to OLIVER CROMWELL. That's about all it is safe to assert.

It was on his way home that MARKISS disclosed secret of his jovial mood.

"You fellows are always girding at me," he said, "about my ignorance of anything connected with the People. I remember, TOBY, how you chaffed me when, opposing JOHN LUBBOCK's Early Closing Bill, I catalogued what the wife of a working man usually brought home for tea, including candles, coals, a rasher of bacon, and half a pint of paraffin oil. Thought you were very clever, I daresay, showing up my ignorance. Look here. What do you think of this?"

MARKISS fished out of roomy waistcoat pocket scrap of newspaper.

"A lady reached the mature age of eighty-eight, and, therefore, presumably knowing what she's about, temporarily

withdraws from honourable retirement in the Scarborough Workhouse, and does an afternoon's shopping. What does she bring home? Listen. Here's the catalogue as officially recorded.

Bacon, sausages, brawn, cheese, four smoked haddock, a crab, a pound of onions, a large jam tart, two teacakes, pastry, biscuits, three lemons, three oranges, two packets of sweets, half a pound of tea, two ounces of coffee, two pounds of sugar, and a small flask of whisky. Now my list, full and varied I admit, was nothing compared with that. But it was on the same lines, and I hope you'll find an opportunity of apologising for your hasty comments."

Business Done.—DON JOSÉ carries his Australian Commonwealth Bill through Committee amid salvoes of applause from the Colonies.

Friday.—House learns with regret that P. and O. SUTHERLAND means to retire



Sir Thomas Sutherland hoists the "Blue Peter." (The signal of his early departure will cause very general regret.)

from the scene at close of present Parliament. It will be a distinct loss in a quarter not too crowded. SUTHERLAND's name not often appears in Parliamentary reports. When he does speak, shows that his habitual silence is not due to incapacity to express himself in clear and forcible language. A man of affairs, as contrasted with a man of words. He is of the kind that gives solidity to the character, weight to the counsels of Parliament. Haven't too many of his class. House could better spare a more fluent man.

Business done.—Committee on Civil Service Estimates. WALTER LONG receives tender but hearty acknowledgement of his national service in extinguishing Rabies. Had a hard time. Pluckily held on and now has exceeding great reward of complete success.

MIS-DIRECTED MSS.

IV.—Things (never) seen. *The Contributor's Ideal.*

[While not unmindful of the delicate literary compliment implied, we would like to remind our correspondent that it is scarcely advisable for him to address his MS. to the Editor of the *Academy* 10, Bouvier Street, E.C.]

THE Editor read through his daily batch of a hundred letters with close attention. He then gave directions that they should all appear at an early date, in leaded type, and in prominent positions. "They deal with uninteresting subjects in a verbose manner," he explained to the sub-editor. "But"—a tear trembled on his eyelash—"they are dear, so dear to their authors. They will be so pleased to see them in print." Then, overcome by a wave of sudden emotion, the chief wrung the hand of his colleague. After a moment's silence—broken only by the distant roar of traffic, the screeching of news-boys, and the murmur of innumerable organs—the Editor said, "How many war poems have we received to-day?"

"Two hundred," was the cheerful reply. "They are falling off in numbers."

"We must publish them in a special supplement," remarked the Editor, decisively. "I suppose they all transgress, as usual, the bounds of good-sense, good-temper and good-taste?" he added carelessly.

"Undoubtedly," said his colleague.

"I'm glad of that," sighed the Editor: "it's always so distressing to have to deal with verse of artistic merit and lofty sentiment. By the way, see that the writers' names are printed in bold, black type, and send a copy of the issue to each contributor together with one of the usual printed forms."

The sub-editor nodded, and smiled with pleasure at the thought of his delightful task. Then he took up a printed form and regarded it thoughtfully. "The Editor humbly requests that the contributor will favour him with as many poems upon trite subjects as the contributor's genius may dictate." Then he looked up. "You know, of course, that the paper is decreasing in circulation at the rate of a thousand copies a week

"Yes, excellent," murmured the Editor. "After all, journalism is but philanthropy writ large."

THE soldier lives by doughty deeds
All told in history's pages,
Who wages war supplies his needs
For war supplies his wages.

"THE Man in the Street" has become a crowd. There's no space for another man in this or any other street. Please let us never hear of him again.



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